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SPRING
1945





LAURENE RENFROW HARN, May Queen of 1945, in
a lovely Montaldo Easter Ensemble . . . She is wearing
a Kelly green skirt and cape with flowered blouse, and
a ruffled black straw hat from The Colony Shop.

MONTALDO'S

C O R A D D I

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THE LAST SUPPER

By Ginny Haynes

BREAKING GROUND

In a college community we are supposed, it seems, to utter profound statements and to write intellectual treatises with outward-reaching significances. And the college literary magazine supposedly will reflect this thoughtful awareness. All of the material presented here is student work and may give the reader some insight into W. C. student thought and opinion.

Very often college magazines print stuff seared with a negative attitude toward all of living, a hot denial of customary values with no substitute ones offered. Also usual are the recorded-experience stories with a college setting, often without understanding of or laughter at the scene. Unfortunately some prim critics have not progressed beyond the pink icing and spiced tea stage of rehashing dying lyrics, of serving ordinary Victorian inanities to bored readers. Always ridiculous, too, are those who pretend to a sophistication, social or literary, which they do not have. We try to avoid these common youthful bad habits and to encourage more honest writing. The reader may take or leave the magazine with its stories, but he is to shout his own opinions about it so volubly that we will hear him and do better next time.

Ideas are often more palatable if enveloped by imaginative fiction. And criticism is taken with less anger and therefore more seriously if it is well-seasoned or even partly hidden by the comic spirit. The fact that few essays, reviews, or other expositional writing have been submitted does not necessarily reflect lack of maturity among students. We do feel that every story and sketch is honest; no prim little girl is handing back borrowed opinions on literature distant to her way of life, and no one is pretending to a form or theme which is considered more sophisticated or more acceptable than the one natural to her.

A W. C. Sophomore, Dixie Holeman, and the Spirit of Spring (Ruth Winterling in a hat from Montaldo's) are recorded together for posterity on the cover, which appears

along with the season. Both are young, and both are new every year. Laureen Renfrow Harn, this year's lovely May Queen, also promises Spring as she models a Montaldo dress.

Woman's College has been criticised for its lack of awareness of the war and what it means to the boys fighting in it and to the national economy. Avis Russell in her story, "Unfinished," directs her interest toward the psychological conflicts of the fighting men during and after battle. It is a difficult job, and we hope you will like the execution of it.

Kossow's story, "Silver Band, Silver Bond," comes close to those of us who are trying to make the difficult change from shallow values to real ones, and we seem to recognize the central character, Lizzie, who is consistently portrayed. Mildred Rodgers hates titles, and has to be forced to think of them; often she passes the buck and makes weary editors do that dull task for her. But her "piece" would do very well even without one; it has provoked interested discussion among all who have read it. The first twenty years of this century have slipped far enough into the past that they now are an almost glamorous setting in which to place a story. Janis Williams has used this period in her story, "Papa's Pupil."

Vici Devoe and Nan Sutton are kidding us about our life here at W. C. with its frantic thirst for knowledge, its eager participation in current affairs, its up-to-date way of thinking, and its happily adjusted population. We shall be interested to see how individual readers react to the thrusts. Angela Snell in "Mr. Mathers" and Jean Redden in "Report No. 3671" stroll through the land of whimsy and give our imaginations an airing.

Libby Lee Bass in "Cross-Section" shows us something we may not have seen, even when it was happening just in front of us. And Betty Sutton in her story, "Reverie," comments unobtrusively on an aspect of college life which we may not have noticed critically, but which we all know.

UNFINISHED

By AVIS RUSSELL

Cpl. Jim Turner, of the United States Marines, shifted his tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other in a way which he had recently developed and watched the progress of a fleet of landing boats which was approaching the beachhead. He stood on a slope which commanded full view of the beach, of the stretch of blue-green water which abruptly widened into the Pacific Ocean far to his right, and the dense green jungle slopes directly across the inlet. He stood tall and lean, his gunbelt strapped around his waist, a pistol slung on his right hip. His face was hard and set as he watched the antics of the men clustered below him.

The scene was one of riotous confusion. Men were talking wildly and incoherently, pointing to the boats and running from one spot to another without apparent reason. Their clothes were like Cpl. Turner's—ragged and torn, bearing evidences of long weeks spent in the jungles. They carried frayed packs which had grown lean from long use and rifles whose stocks were scratched, notched, and powder-scarred. Everything about each of them expressed fatigue, even the way their clothes hung on them; but in all that dirt and tiredness, their faces, newly-shaved, stood out, painfully bright and scrubbed. They were going home.

The ships stood off the island, waiting for them, and the thought left Cpl. Turner in a cold sweat. Home. He had once associated that word with good food and laughter and a clean house and rest.

The shouts of the men came to him now as the landing boats were seen to run up on the beach and the troops clamber out into knee-deep water, splashing their way beyond the water-line, their rifles held high. These were the relief. They had seen the States not so long ago. He found himself wishing fiercely that he were one of them, that this were the first time he had confronted these green jungles, that he had it to do all over again. Small chance of that now.

The rapid exchange of taunts between marines and army men—for army was taking over—forced a bitter half-smile to his lips. He was remembering the events of the past few months. He was visualizing his own arrival at the island. He wasn't afraid then. He was one of the best men in the outfit. All the non-coms said so. They were still saying it. "But you know better, don't you, Jimmy?" sneered the Voice.

"Remember that day? You went over the side of the ship like a marine, and you dropped into that boat with the expertness that typifies everything you do, didn't you? And you were the first out, weren't you? You were in your glory that day. You were rough and tough. You were going to swagger back into that home town and let everybody know that Jim Turner had come

back, and that God only knows how many Japs never would."

Cpl. Turner flinched in spite of himself. The tall body grew taut and the blue eyes glittered. Laughter was still prevalent on the beach and the sounds of men's voices intermingled with the slap-slap of waves washing up on the sand.

"Sure, you remember. You were a little in the front. That rifle felt damned good in your hand. You had paid a lot of attention to that baby. You held it close to you, but not so close that you wouldn't be able to fire at a moment's notice. You ran quickly and bent low, your eyes searched every inch of that terrain, your ears strained for the sound of that first sharp crack. You plunged into the underbrush and listened to the heavy thuds as the men came up around and behind you. You even looked over at Bill McGrath and winked. You weren't afraid . . . you were one of the best God-damned marines in that outfit. The new dogface and Captain Godwin crawled past you and you watched the curious twists of their bodies as they wormed their way along on their bellies. Suddenly the captain's arm crooked up in the signal to advance and you were on your feet in a second. Good boy! On the alert! You were a little puzzled by the absence of gunfire, but you were ready for them. That sweet-firing baby nestled hard against your hand and you felt a startling urge to balance it. Remember how that surprised you? Well, it all goes to show that you weren't afraid, right?

"You looked around briefly and saw the moving figures behind you, hunched over the way you were, their heads moving slowly from side to side, scanning the trees and watching the terrain. You recognized Bud Howell, but you turned quickly and fastened your eyes on the captain. That was the right place, wasn't it, Jimmy? That was where the orders were coming from . . . the captain."

Turner remembered. He was still staring at the men on the beach, but he saw instead the heavy body of Captain Godwin. He moved along cautiously, with Lt. Kenton a little to the right and behind him. Jim heard the swish of brush reaching out against the khaki.

"Wonder where the damned yaller devils are?" muttered a voice behind him, and he recognized it as that of Sgt. Hooker. It suddenly struck him as being very melodramatic . . . the irregular rustling behind him, the heavy rush of a pair of feet clashing with the steady treads of others, an abrupt muttered oath. Things were too quiet, too quiet.

He saw the captain plunge into the dirt and he automatically threw himself down, too. His eyes fell upon the rich brown rifle stock and he smiled. Such a honey! It snuggled under the

tight grasp of his hand, confident. The captain was up again, moving more quickly this time, but with the same cautious glances at the trees. The second wave of marines must have hit the beach by now. He felt strong and invincible.

More men had come into sight. The kid came alongside him.

"Jim," he said in a half-whisper.

"Yeah."

The kid said nothing more. His movements were jerky, and Jim could see the timid terror in his eyes. He inwardly rebelled against his youth, against the thought that anyone so young should be sent to fight here. He looked at him and noticed that his lips had become a tight, thin line. Jim's eyes moved back along the outline of the trees. This brought another comment from the uniformed boy beside him.

"Jim."

"Whatcha want, Blackie?"

"Where are they?"

He was silent for a moment. "I don't know."

The captain had called another halt, but it wasn't a plunge this time; it was smooth and deliberate. Lt. Kenton was speaking to him. Jim looked around and saw the grim outlines of men scattered like disorderly spots on the green jungle foliage. The kid knelt beside him.

Jim took time to survey the scene. The naval bombardment had done its work. Trees had been blasted in two; down to his right he could see a swelling column of smoke and he knew that there would be more fires inland; all around him lay lopped-off limbs. Behind him, the ships were still sending salvos into the island, and the air was filled with a dull roar. The kid moved nervously, and Jim looked at him. He watched him critically.

"Take it easy, Blackie, for God's sake," he whispered.

"I don't like this, Jim."

"Hell, you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

"I know, Jim, but I'd lots rather have 'em where I could see 'em . . . I . . . I'd even rather have 'em shootin' at me than hiding like a bunch of jackals, ready to jump any minute." He paused, breathless.

There was a sudden lull in the firing offshore, and a breeze ruffled through the trees. The peaceful sound echoed ironically in Jim's ear. He settled back on his haunches, mechanically maintaining his careful survey of the terrain, but thinking all the while of how out-of-place the sound was. It lulled him mysteriously, rendering him insensible to thought or feeling. His mind was blank, but searching for some thought that eluded him, until he realized with a start that his heart was pounding unmercifully inside him. It was like the shock of cold water. He looked at Blackie.

The boy appeared ridiculous in the uniform, his smooth skin shadowed by the helmet. It seemed as though the equipment would swallow him at any moment. He scrutinized the face, noting the fine cut of his chin and nose, the rather sensitive tilt of his lips. His skin was in striking

contrast to the blue-black of his hair, hidden now from Jim's eye. He remembered the sight of that wiry body bared to the sun. It was not a scrawny body, but one which had not yet reached the height of its development. The feeling that his presence here was wrong surged through Jim again. He knew that Blackie was scared. He ruefully reflected that he himself was in the same hell of nervous tension.

Another look at the group ahead told him that preparations were being made for some sort of move. Blackie's eyes followed his gaze and they saw Kenton making his way back toward them as the captain's arm again gave the signal to advance.

They spread out, walking parallel to each other, but several feet apart. The foliage became thicker and Jim twisted sideways to avoid some of the heavier undergrowths, holding his rifle in both hands and against his chest. He noted that the ground was rising and that they were reaching a series of hills, hardly more than swollen stretches, like huge welts on the outer tissue of the island. He also told himself that here was danger, for the landscape seemed to present a downright happy-hunting-ground for the snipers who accounted for most of his fear. He was ready for them in hand-to-hand combat, anywhere that he could see them or form a fairly good idea of their location—but what man's back is prepared for a bullet?

He heard someone mumbling near him and glanced around, for the first time taking his eyes from the trees. He drew his breath sharply as he saw Tommy Williams walking near him, staring straight up at the green branches, repeating again and again, "Come on out and fight, damn you, come on!" He said it without emotion and without feeling, the words issuing mechanically in a lifeless monotone. Jim watched him, fascinated, feeling his insides grow cold and hard at the blank look in the man's eyes. It seemed as though the whole world had become encompassed in the waving greenness above them. He sensed the air of death, of something terrible that was waiting, waiting, waiting. Jim's throat moved convulsively and a cold sweat broke out all over him. He drank in great gulps of air as though it were the last time he would ever taste it and he were trying to get drunk from it. The rifle, once so warm and alive to him, became dead, an unfeeling instrument of steel and wood. A violent shudder racked his body, followed by vast waves of strength and unexpressed physical might. The muscles of his legs tightened under him and he felt that at the next moment he would go plunging past his comrades into the jungle, ripping through the underbrush, tearing any obstacle from him with his bare hands until the whole island would lie before him and he could wreak his fury upon anything and everything and death would shrivel up and disappear before him. His lungs expanded and he started to shout, when the sound of his name broke through to him. "Turner! Turner!" He

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WEB

By NANCY SUTTON

Having conceived an unusual dislike for women because of Arachne, Athene decided that she would avenge herself on a certain segment of society—the young and intelligent female. To accomplish this end, she forced Arachne, now a spider, to do her bidding.

While strolling around Olympus one day, Athene's eye fell on a lonely looking spot of earth near the island of Colegio about half way round the world from Uber; and she called Arachne to her.

"Go spin me twenty-five buildings on that spot with living quarters to accommodate about two thousand people. Don't make the buildings alike. Spin them with every different thread you know so that they will look old and out of date."

So Arachne, being under the spell of Athene, did her bidding.

And Athene looked down at the twenty-five buildings and gloated, for she saw that they were ancient and decrepit.

Then Athene realized that there would have to be something at this place to attract young women to it. Again she called Arachne to her.

"Go catch yonder sheep and bring him to me."

When Arachne had brought the sheep to her, Athene killed and skinned him saying, "For this the girls will stay at 'The Place' for four years. (The skin of the sheep was very valuable in those days.)"

Since she hated women, Athene wanted to make it very difficult and uninteresting to obtain this portion of the sheep. She accordingly decided that learning was the most difficult thing in the world, and she knew that there must be teachers before there could be learning.

"Arachne, go get me two hundred teachers for 'The Place.' Get me a very few who will make the girls interested and make them want to think. Of the rest you get, obtain dull and dry human beings who don't care for anything except throwing out a few facts."

When Athene saw the teachers, she smiled, for Arachne had done her bidding to perfection. Of all the two hundred, there were few who could make the girls want to think; and there were even fewer who could teach them how to think.

As soon as the two thousand girls arrived and were installed in the antiquated buildings, Athene saw that there might yet be joy and happiness because so many of the girls were in love with boys who came to see them every week-end. To remedy this situation, Athene called Arachne.

"Go spin a web around all of those boys and keep them away from 'The Place'."

Arachne immediately spun webs of khaki, forest green, and navy blue around the boys; but her threads were not strong enough, and occasionally one of the boys broke through and came to 'The Place.' They seldom stayed more

than two or three days before Arachne captured them again.

Athene did not mind these few break-throughs. They only gave the girls a taste of freedom, which made them want more. Of course they could not have this.

To make the girls feel as if the web were of their own spinning, Athene granted them a limited form of self-government. Knowing the frailties of human nature, she saw that she had nothing to fear from the politicians who were elected to office. If, however, by some quirk of chance, a rule were passed that Athene did not like, she could remedy this by her control over the teachers and the leaders.

Athene, growing a bit weak in her old age, decided to grant an organ of free speech to the girls. "This," she reasoned, "is not too dangerous since most of the people are too lazy to read the publication anyway."

And so one small band slaved away to tell the truth and were laughed and sneered at for their efforts.

Accomplishing anything at 'The Place' was like
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REPORT NO. 3761

By JEAN REDDEN

Two men and a woman stood close together considering a large white gate.

"But what I can't understand is why they have this gate without a wall. It's not practical," she said disapprovingly.

The gate was pushed open and a small man stepped out.

"Well you see," he said, "it makes people feel better. They expect a gate."

Stepping forward, one of the men announced, "I am Mr. Dilworth."

After a moment Mr. Dilworth added, "And this is Mrs. Pomeroy—and Mr. Brewster. Perhaps you could tell us where to find an angel; any angel would do," he added hopefully.

"Well . . . I don't know. They're all so happy where they are. Is it very important?"

Mr. Dilworth drew himself up. "I assure you, it is of the utmost importance. We are the committee for the investigation of Heaven." And he continued in a milder tone, "I'm afraid we'll need a guide." And skeptically, "Are you Peter?"

"Why no, at least I don't think so. Oh dear, it seems to have slipped my mind. Now let's see . . . was it . . . ? No. Well, Peter will do as well as any other."

Mrs. Pomeroy had been looking around. "Doesn't there seem to be a lot of nothing? What I mean is, where is anything?" Her expression had become more and more confused.

Mr. Brewster said kindly, "What she means is, where is Heaven?"

Peter looked startled. "Why you're in Heaven. Of course we don't call it that." He chuckled softly. "That sounds so pretentious, you know. Won't you come in?"

The three exchanged glances. Finally Mr. Dilworth blurted out, "I hope you understand that we really can't stay long. We're only investigating. That is . . . this is only temporary . . . perhaps an hour or two, you understand." His voice died away, "No longer than that."

Peter smiled benevolently. "Why, of course, you're not due up for consideration—well, that would be telling, wouldn't it? What would you like to see first?" Taking Mrs. Pomeroy's arm, he added depreciatingly, "I'm afraid we live rather simply. Now be careful of the steps."

Mr. Brewster whispered to Mr. Dilworth, "I can climb 'em but I can't see 'em. Perhaps if I clean my glasses . . ."

Peter called back, "On your right is the new swimming pool." He explained, "We did try not to place things definitely but it confused the newcomers to see some of us swimming while others were sleeping or skating—in the same spot, you know."

Mrs. Pomeroy looked at Peter, "Now really, why do you say that? Obviously, there is no pool there."

Peter stopped and said, "Why it's right there." He turned to the two men. "You see it, don't you?"

Mr. Dilworth exchanged glances with Mr. Brewster. After a slight hesitation he said, "Of course." He added helpfully, "Probably, my dear Mrs. Pomeroy, you are not used to this atmosphere."

Mr. Brewster interrupted, "Right over there." He waved a vague arm which covered quite a bit of universe. Mrs. Pomeroy stared at Mr. Brewster. Then she stared at Mr. Dilworth. Then she looked frantically all around her in an attempt to find the elusive swimming pool. Mr. Brewster regarded her anxiously. "Do you see it now?"

Mrs. Pomeroy tried her best to smile. She drew in her breath slowly. "You mean over there?" She too waved an arm in the general direction of anywhere.

"Of course," Peter answered, "now let's move right along." He and Mrs. Pomeroy started to climb once more.

But the men looked solemnly at one another. Mr. Dilworth ventured, "A nice pool—don't you think?" Mr. Brewster just looked at Mr. Dilworth.

"Here's one of my favorite spots. The nice thing about it is that it is always there when I want it."

Mr. Brewster was perplexed. "But where would it go?"

Peter had already moved on.

In rapid succession they were shown an evasive spacemobile, an intangible picnic, an imperceptible woods, and an invisible zoo—all of which Mr. Dilworth dutifully noted in a little brown book. They also heard the exquisite music of a children's unseen merry-go-round.

Finally Mr. Dilworth extracted a huge dependable-looking watch. "Brewster!" he gasped, "It's stopped! The first time in twenty years."

Mr. Brewster said, "Never mind—here's the gate."

Mrs. Pomeroy murmured inanely, "Stucco, isn't it?"

Confused Mr. Brewster said, "We do thank you. Goodbye and . . . thank you."

Now that he was leaving, Mr. Dilworth recovered his usual pomposity. "Yes, in the name of our group we wish to tender you our deepest . . ."

Mr. Brewster interrupted to say wistfully, "I do wish you had folders. We always get folders."

"Well," Peter grinned mischievously, "We've never felt the need to advertise before." And then, "Goodbye, see you soon."

SILVER BAND, SILVER BOND

By IRENE KOSSOW

In June I came home from school with a silver bracelet and a lilt in my heart. My heart felt light and unencumbered, and I kept thinking to myself, none of this can touch me anymore, none of it; because this is my last summer at home, and then I shall be done with it forever.

But even before I came down the steps of the elevated, the smell of pickled herring rose to greet me from the delicatessen. It would never lose its identity, even among the others—the smell of garbage and of beer and of the sweating bodies that push their way into Joe's Spaghetti House at lunch time. From the mill rose shafts of smoke to darken the sun, from the tenements noises of overcrowded families, from the poultry plant the 'clucking of the condemned'. What would Laurie say, I wondered, if I told him that my residence is next door to a slaughter house?

My mother saw me from our window and ran down four flights of stairs to greet me. She threw her arms around me, and in one breath she called me "my dearest, my angel, my golden one." She said it all in Polish. She always reverts to Polish when she is excited, although I have told her many times that she can break herself of that habit. She was only a young girl when she left Poland, and it is time she became adjusted.

My mother took all afternoon to prepare dinner for me, a dinner of the old country that fills one's stomach like lead. But I did not tell her how poorly balanced it was for fear of offending her. After dinner the talk turned from food to marriages and births, and it was then she asked me whether I remembered Lily Yulovski from Twelfth Street, and would I go to visit her. I asked my mother upon what occasion, and she replied, "I have for her a box of candy."

"Well?"

"You should give it to her."

What a simple-minded pretext, I thought, and tried to explain that I had nothing in common with Lily and had no wish to associate with her or her kind.

"Then why did you bring her here always after school was finished?" my mother wanted to know.

I had to smile remembering those visits, remembering some verses the boys had sung about Lily—a parody on Lily. Rather clever, I had thought. But I would be cleverer still: I would write an anecdote about Lily. I would, in fact, use Lily as the subject of my Senior Essay. The idea had appealed to my friends, and inspired me with such zeal that I had begun to work on it immediately, tracking down Lily, listening to her sayings, recording them, hoping that she would utter one dashingly funny and absurd. So for months I had been a steady customer at Yulovski's drug store, and Lily a frequent guest at my house. Yet in the end nothing had come of it, and when

the boys had asked me why, I'd told them simply, "She hasn't enough character even for a caricature."

But as such a view would be too involved to explain to my mother, I said, "Well, she was amusing. Remember those orange roses she used to wear in her pompadour?"

My mother did not remember them. She told me, "She is maybe not so funny as you think, Elisavet. Will you bring the candy to her?"

Her tone rang stern, so I agreed, if only to avoid an argument.

Lily's candy store had not changed in three years, but Lily herself was not the same as I remembered her from high school. She was dozing in a far corner of the store when I came in, and before I woke her I felt an odd compulsion to pry into her naked face. There was no rose, no pompadour. The hair that hung behind her ears was limp, and her broad Polish peasant face seemed limp and sagging too.

I made a noise to waken her. She groaned lightly, blinked her eyes, and when she recognized me, she exclaimed, "Well, if it ain't Lizzie! What are you doing here?"

I winced at the sound of "Lizzie," but I was civil. I told her about spending my last vacation at home and inquired as to the state of her health. She dismissed it with a curt okay, and proceeded to ask how the old home town looked to me.

"As always," I said.

"No so hot, eh?"

"Not after Connecticut."

"You like it there in school?"

"In most ways."

And then eager to be off, I handed her the chocolates.

Lily frowned. "Why d'you bring that?" she demanded. "Jesus, what do you think we got in a candy store?"

I explained that my mother had sent them.



—NANCY BOWERS.

She seemed to reconsider. "Oh, so it's your Ma. Say, she's okay. Her and my old lady work on the same floor now. Mine puts on the band, and yours screws it on the . . ."

"Yes, she told me."

"Yeh—Well, you want a chocolate?"

I refused. She laid the box aside and took up her knitting. It was white, delicate knitting, contrasting mercilessly with her skin.

"Is that for you, Lily?"

"No. My kid-brother."

"Really? I didn't know . . ."

"He's nine weeks old. Just got him. — Say—er—how's tricks with you, Lizzie? Got a boy friend?"

I didn't reply. Lily smiled knowingly and said she'd thought so all along on account of that bracelet I wore. She lifted my wrist, and holding it to the light she read the inscription, "Laurence C. Warrington III."

"Wow, what is he, a king?"

"Certainly not. He's a lieutenant."

"A looie . . . and no Polack, huh?"

"I . . . I think he's of British descent."

"Yeh, you like that, dontya, Lizzie? Never did go in for your own class."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Polacks was never good enough for you. Don't think I never seen it. Like the way you used to hang on to that shrimp, that cross-eyed . . . what's his name—Halcroft—on account of his old man being a bigshot and the parties he used to . . ."

"That's rot. I never gave him a tumble."

"Who never gave who a tumble?"

I had to clench my teeth to keep from whipping back.

"Well," I said, "it's been—lovely. But I really must be going now."

Lily looked up. She seemed astonished. "Listen, kid," she said, "don't get me wrong. I don't wanna make you sore. After all, it's your own business if you don't wanna be a Polack. Wait a sec, don't go. Say, I . . . I'll bet that looie ain't half as snooty as his name."

"He's not. He's not snooty at all."

"No, huh? Is he a looker?"

"I think so. Most everyone does."

"Tall, dark, and handsome type?"

I succumbed. I could not resist this chance to talk of Laurie. It was weak, childish, but I had never talked of him before without restraint. And with Lily, what did it matter?

"He is tall, but compact, frightfully athletic. He used to ski on the team at Dartmouth, and you can tell, because his movements are always sure; he never fumbles. And when he walks, it's as if the world were his—as if he were so high up that nothing or no one could ever touch him."

"You didn't meet him here, did you?"

"No, on Long Island. At a house party."

"What kind?"

"A house party. It's an affair . . ." I began to explain, but a customer interrupted us.

After Lily had served him she returned, and as

we talked on of Laurie, I became almost grateful for her presence. Only toward the end we came close to odds again over an inspiration I had for Laurie's birthday.

"You know, his birthday is next month," I began.

"Yeh? You gonna throw a house party for him?"

"Oh surely! In our sumptuous two room residence only a stone's throw from Joe's Spaghetti House. But I do want to send him something. Gloves, I thought. Only leather ones are so expensive . . . Don't you think knitted ones are just as nice?"

"Not for me."

"Well, Lily, I wonder if you could . . ."

"I ain't got time to knit for other people's boy friends."

"Couldn't you just show me?"

"That's worse'n making them."

"All right, then. Sorry I kept you so long."

Lily reconsidered. "Aw, don't get so snooty on me," she said. "I was just kiddin'. Come around again."

I promised to return the following week, with yarn and needles.

When I came home my mother wanted to know about Lily and the baby.

"I didn't see the baby," I told her, "but Lily's discarded those velvet roses, and she must not have had a henna rinse in months."

"In months . . . You cannot think, Elisaveta, in those months she could have some other things on her mind, maybe?"

"What mind?"

"What . . . I see you are very smart. In your college the heart . . ."

"College has nothing to do with it, Mother! I despise coarseness and lack of . . . of cleanliness where . . ." I broke off. By the way my pitch was rising I knew that in another instant my mother would be contradicting me violently—and in Polish.

One afternoon a few days later I went to see Lily again. I had granted myself two weeks of unemployment for knitting Laurie's gloves and for sewing some new clothes in case he should have a leave.—Lily received me no more cordially than the last time. After she had given me instructions we both sat in silence while I counted stitches and she worked on her intricate baby knitting. Suddenly she looked up and asked me, "How's your old boy friend?"

"I haven't heard from him this week."

"No, not The Third. I mean Blondie."

"Blondie who?"

"Ha, you know good'n well, Lizzie," she almost spatred at me. "Blondie—Harry. I seen him yesterday and he says you walked right by him on the street and didn't even say hello."

"Why, really," I hardly knew how to reply to her brazenness, "really, I don't see how that con-

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PAPA'S PUPIL

By JANIS WILLIAMS

We have always been church-going folks. Mama sang alto in the choir, ran circle meetings and arranged "poundin's" for the preacher and his family. Papa was chairman of the board of stewards, he helped take up the offering and sometimes he even had charge of the Wednesday night prayer meetin'.

But Papa was proudest of all of his Sunday school class of young folks. Every Saturday night Sissy and I, rolling our hair up on kid curlers, could hear Papa in the kitchen practicing his next day's lesson while Mama put the Sunday roast in the stove. His voice made vibrations run along the floor and onto our spines. In lowered tones, we wondered if Odessa, the colored girl, had put enough starch in Papa's white Sunday shirt. Papa liked his collar and cuffs rigid and his shirt tail limp.

"How can I put fire and brimstone into my lessons when I can't budge below my waist?" he'd roar if Odessa forgot. Sissy and I were proud of Papa's big voice.

We always left church last of all because Papa had to count the offering and lock it up. The summer I was twelve, Papa had a new pupil. We always took her home. The first time we offered her a ride, she got out at our house, and we watched her creep down the hot summer road. Her steps hardly raised a cloud of dust.

"Who is she, Claudius?" Mama couldn't believe that there was anybody in Elm City that she didn't know.

"Her name's Pearl Groggins. Fine, upright girl. She volunteered to read that piece about our missionaries in Africa next Sunday."

"But who is she?"

Papa must have hated to admit before Sissy and me that there was something he didn't know. "Lucy," he intoned sternly, "that girl is a conscientious Christian. I didn't think about inquiring further."

Sissy and I solemnly agreed that Papa was the wisest man in the world.

The next Sunday, one of these temperamental summer storms broke just as church let out. Papa insisted on taking Pearl home. He broke into her objections with a booming compliment of her Sunday school speech. Sissy and I watched the back of her neck under her tightly twisted hair grow dark with pleasure. Through the suffused light from the isinglass buggy curtains, we could see the mendings in her pink dimity dress.

Sissy and I nudged each other curiously when Pearl asked to be let out at the big white farm house at the forks of the road. We knew that old Mr. Sveld and his spinster daughter lived there alone. After Papa had maneuvered the horses around, we peeked out under the back curtain. Pearl had waited until the buggy was about to

round the curve. Then she slowly started walking toward an unpainted shack, standing starkly in the middle of a tobacco field. Sissy and I exchanged little girl looks of significance.

"Mama, I know who—I know, Mama. Pearl is his daughter. It's awful, Mama. That horrible man. Billy Birch said . . ." Sissy was always incoherent when she was excited.

"Sissy, you must learn to speak distinctly."

Papa calmly flicked the mare's fat rump. The sun was shining and we had lowered the buggy top. The dampness that lingers after a rain was stretching Sissy's and my corkscrew curls.

"Start over, Sissy."

I couldn't wait for Sissy's circuitous speech. "We know who Pearl is, Papa." I lowered my voice to the proper pitch of awe one must use when speaking of such people. "Pearl's father is that Bud Groggins. He sells spirits and people get drunk there and Pearl is his daughter."

Papa and Mama looked at each other the way grown-ups do.

"Where in the world did you hear a tale like that?" Mama asked the question casually.

"Billy Birch told us. Billy told us that Pearl's father . . ."

Papa interrupted Sissy forcefully. "You know that Billy Birch often exaggerates. He doesn't lie, Sissy, but sometimes he can't discriminate between facts and his imagination. You girls had better forget about this."

But after dinner Papa and Mama had one of their don't-interrupt talks. Sissy and I pretended to read our Sunday books but we could hear a



—SHIRLEY EDGAR.

few words. Finally Papa arose majestically from his wing-back chair and said, "Don't worry, Lucy. Everything will work out. The Lord looks after His own."

Next day, my Sunday curls were repressed into pigtails wound around my head. My full skirt was tucked up into my belt and I was on the back porch washing and polishing lamp globes. Papa had said it was extravagant to have electric lights installed upstairs when we just used it for sleeping.

"Miss Addy."

I jumped at the small voice and barely caught a globe before it tumbled off my lap. Pearl was standing at the back door, poised on one foot as if she were unsure of a welcome.

"Yer ma home?" she asked tentatively.

I nodded and padded on my bare feet into the kitchen.

"Pearl Groggins wants to see you," I whispered.

Mama raised one eyebrow in that way she has, and drying her hands on her apron, she turned onto the back porch. I peeked around the kitchen door and heard Mama exclaim over the beautiful eggs Pearl had in a paper poke. Papa was a big egg eater, so Mama agreed to buy three dozen every week. Pearl still didn't leave. She traced a pattern in the sand at the back steps and I could tell that Mama didn't know what else to talk about. Finally Pearl mumbled, "I gotta go now. Here's some flowers."

She picked up a bunch of jonquils that she must have laid on the steps before I saw her, and she walked away, head bowed under Mama's gratitude.

When Papa came home to dinner, Sissy and I were careful not to get underfoot. We could tell by the signs that Papa's righteous indignation was getting worked up. He didn't eat all of his cornbread and he complained that the squash wasn't cooked enough.

"I saw Eph'r'am Snow today." He finally got to the point.

Mama raised an eyebrow.

"He says he can't have any drunkard's daughter as his hired girl. Inherited tendencies and such bosh."

It was time for Papa to take a second helping of squash, but he seemed to forget.

"What's the world coming to," he roared, "when one of the Lord's children can't have a decent chance! That poor girl living in a house of the devil . . . it's a dying shame."

Sissy and I kicked each other under the table. We learned a lot by just listening and keeping quiet.

After that, Pearl always brought eggs and flowers that she grew in a sandy little plot wedged between rows of tobacco. Sissy and I used to wait until she left and then we'd study the patterns she always drew with her toe in the sand at the back door while she shyly talked with Mama. She usually drew circles. And Papa seemed strange. His mouth was these days. Mama did little extra things for him like cooking dark gingerbread,

but he didn't notice. And his Sunday school lessons were fuller than ever of fire and brimstone.

Sunday dinners were worst of all. We just sat and ate, and I could tell that Papa and Mama were thinking hard. They always seemed to grow thoughtful after they saw Pearl. They frowned if Sissy and I got too loud with our chatter. One Sunday, Mama suddenly put down the platter of roast and exclaimed, "What was that you said, Addy?"

"I just said that Jenny's mama is losing her hired girl and with the new baby, she doesn't know how she can get along."

"I wonder . . ." Mama looked thoughtfully at Papa. Papa didn't say anything for a while. Then he said, "Maybe" and took another helping of roast.

The next day was one of those mid-summer days—the kind that spreads a lethargy over the household. Mama was taking a nap. She said she couldn't possibly keep up with Papa and Sissy and me without her forty winks in the afternoon. I was darning Papa's socks. That was a painstaking job because Papa was very particular. He wouldn't put up with knots and wrinkles in his mended socks. Taking those tiny stitches was awfully boresome and I was glad when Sissy came running up. As usual, she was excited about something.

"You'll never guess, Addy! Never!"

I kept on mending because I knew Sissy would never tell me if she thought I was interested.

"Guess, Addy."

"I dunno."

"Billy Birch just told me. Papa almost had a fight!"

Sissy stopped to see my reaction. I was scared to breathe. Our Papa! Why, Papa had said thousands of times that only people without intelligence had to fight to win an argument.

"Quit teasing, Sissy."

"All right, I'm just telling you. Billy said that Papa and his papa and Jennie's papa went to see that . . ." Sissy looked and lowered her voice "...that Bud Groggins. And Bud got mad because he didn't want Pearl to cook for Jennie, he wanted Pearl to cook for him!"

"What happened, Sissy? Hurry up!"

"Well," Sissy drew it out long, "Well, Bud got mad and Papa said he'd have Bud horsewhipped out of town and Bud started to sock Papa. Billy's papa said he'd never seen our Papa get so red and swell up so. Then Papa showed Bud some papers and grabbed Pearl and they're coming now. Pearl's going to be Jennie's new hired girl. Jennie says Pearl can make the best huckleberry pie in Elm City."

Sissy ran off. She never stayed in one place long.

I thought about how glad Pearl must be. Billy Birch may have told whoppers sometimes, but I had seen Pearl's papa. He was a stocky man with eyes much too small for his large face. His blackened finger nails made me shiver, and we always crossed to the other side of the street so we

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M R. M A T H E R S

By ANGELA SNELL

Mr. Mathers had come to believe that Life Can Be Beautiful. Finding himself at the age when men grow farsighted, he had consulted an oculist. "I don't know whether it's my eyes," he had told the oculist, "but I get so depressed sometimes."

The oculist had looked intently at Mr. Mathers. "I think I see your trouble," he had said. "These rose-colored glasses will do the trick. They make everything seem bright. The beauty of these glasses is that the lens aren't colored, and no one can tell you're wearing rose-colored glasses." Mr. Mathers had thanked the oculist and had settled the glasses firmly on his nose.

Mr. Mathers roomed on the third floor of a boarding house on 122nd Street. Each morning the alarm awakened him promptly at six-thirty. He did not mind getting up early now that he was wearing his rose-colored glasses. "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," he thought. Mr. Mathers dressed quickly, picking up his clothes from the chair where he had carefully placed them the night before. At six-forty-five he tiptoed down the hall to the bathroom. There was never any hot water at that hour, so Mr. Mathers shaved with cold water. Cold water was toughening, he reflected.

At seven o'clock Mr. Mathers greeted the glum faces at the corner drug store with a cheery good morning. The waitress shoved his usual order of coffee, eggs, and toast at him silently. Since most of the faces were engrossed in their newspapers, Mr. Mathers looked into the mirror behind the counter and carried on an imaginary conversation with himself. The little man with brown hair carefully smoothed down, kind grey eyes behind silver rimmed spectacles, and wisp of a mustache always smiled at him.

At 7:30 the subway swallowed Mr. Mathers with other New Yorkers. Mr. Mathers never found a seat on the subway, but he reflected he would have had to get up for the ladies anyway. With the glaring light of the subway upon him, he liked to pretend that the subway was a submarine slipping through the sea toward a secret rendezvous or a rocket ship careening through space. He liked to imagine that the lights along the sides of the subway tunnel were stars and planets.

Mr. Mathers reached the shoe store on upper 36th Street where he worked at 8 o'clock. He liked his work though his feet and back often hurt him. He liked the plump matrons who always bought shoes that were too small for them. Though they snapped at him when he forced the shoes on, he sympathized with their desires to look young and beautiful again. He liked the squirming children who kicked and cried when he laced their shoes. When their mothers weren't looking, he gave them peppermints which he always carried

in his pockets. He liked the brusque business men who always knew exactly the kind of shoes they wanted. Though they complained to him when the shoes were out of stock, he admired them for their brief cases bulging with important papers. Mr. Mathers especially liked the young girls who came to the store. Kneeling at their feet, he pretended he was the Prince trying the glass slipper upon the foot of Cinderella.

Mr. Mathers took his hour for lunch at 11:30. Since the lunch hours for the clerks were staggered, he ate alone. He always ate in the shiny, white drug store on the corner nearest the shoe shop. The drug store was always crowded. Mr. Mathers slid onto a stool at the counter and studied the menu. When he had decided upon his order, he looked up expectantly at the waitresses. They were hurrying up and down the counter trying to serve the crowd. Whenever Mr. Mathers caught the eye of one of the waitresses, she glared at him or pushed her hair from her forehead with an impatient gesture. When a waitress finally came to Mr. Mathers and frowned down upon him,



Illustration, "From Pride and Prejudice," by MARY OWEN.

his voice cracked, he forgot what he was going to order, and always said, "Ham on whole wheat and coffee, please."

Mr. Mathers usually finished his lunch at 12:15. He settled his glasses more firmly on his nose and spent his remaining fifteen minutes window shopping. At the sports store where fishing tackle was displayed he liked to imagine he was on a fishing trip in Canada. When he saw the department store window dressed with bathing suits, he pretended he was swimming at a beach in Florida.

The store closed at five o'clock, and Mr. Mathers walked quickly to the subway. The subway was more crowded in the evening, but Mr. Mathers enjoyed the noise and bustle of the crowd. He loved to picture the husband kissing his wife when he returned home or the stenographer saying a shy hello to her young man.

Dinner was served at the boarding house where Mr. Mathers lived. Mr. Mathers always sat squeezed in between Mrs. Applewhite and her daughter. Mrs. Applewhite had lost her husband twenty years ago and had never stopped reminding people of it. Mr. Mathers often thought, as he munched the wing or neck of the chicken, that Mrs. Applewhite had a speculative gleam in her eye when she looked at him. He laughed to himself, for he knew he was neither rich nor good looking enough to be considered a good catch. Mr. Mathers usually listened to Mrs. Applewhite, for her daughter, Clara, was a morose girl with a sallow complexion. He would have liked to tell her of his trips to Florida to cheer her up, but her small blue eyes and sharp nose put a damper on his enthusiasm.

When dinner was over, Mr. Mathers climbed the two flights of stairs to his room. He bowed a courteous goodnight to Mrs. Applewhite and her daughter at the first landing. Mr. Mathers liked his evenings best of all. Sometimes he went to the movies, where he fought beside the gallant Robert E. Lee, hid in the mountain fastnesses of Tibet with bandits, or wooed a beautiful slave girl on the banks of the Nile. Mr. Mathers usually went to the movies alone, for he did not have to emerge from the character of the brave soldier, valiant bandit, or romantic lover to talk with his companion. Other nights he wiped his glasses carefully and settled himself in an armchair to read. He loved the tales of adventure and intrigue in far off lands. He loved to live again in the days when knights were bold and ladies fair.

Mr. Mathers went to bed promptly at 10:30. No one was using the bathroom at that hour, so he could enjoy a hot bath. He always took a cold shower afterwards for someone had told him a cold shower closed the pores and prevented colds. Mr. Mathers wound his clock tightly, pulled out the alarm, and climbed into bed. He thought of all the nice things which had happened to him during the day. He remembered the blithe daffodils he had seen on a street corner, the friendly scuffling of two bootblacks, and the hearty voice of a truck driver hailing a friend. Then Mr.

Mathers lay quietly in his bed and invented stories about himself. He was always the hero in these stories, braving incredible dangers to rescue a maiden in distress. Sometimes Mr. Mathers became so excited that he lay awake far into the night, but usually he dropped off to sleep before he could perform his extraordinary feats.

Lately Mr. Mathers had been feeling dizzy. He had missed his breakfast several mornings because his alarm clock was in a repair shop, but he attributed his giddiness to his eyes. It had been several years since his glasses had been changed. On Friday morning, Mr. Mathers awoke feeling faint. He decided to see the oculist who practiced several blocks from the store. The office of the oculist he had visited before was too far away for him to visit during his lunch hour.

At 11:30 Mr. Mathers stood before the building in which the oculist had his office. Children were playing merrily in the street. They had removed the cap from the water hydrant and were jumping up and down in the water gushing from the hydrant. Their bare bodies gleaming in the sun looked clean and vigorous to Mr. Mathers.

Mr. Mathers climbed the steps to the oculist's office. The oculist ushered him to a seat and took his glasses. Mr. Mathers said, "I've been feeling a little headachey lately and I thought my glasses needed changing. I'd like to have some like these I've got but maybe a little stronger. They're a special kind—rose-colored."

"Rose-colored glasses!" exclaimed the oculist. "These are nothing more than plain window glass."

Mr. Mathers stood up and reached for his glasses. "Oh—I—I—" he quavered, and stumbled down the steps. The children were still playing in the street. Mr. Mathers saw that the children were dirty and painfully thin.

WEB

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a child's trying to eat an all-day sucker in five minutes. Four years was to the life of 'The Place' as five minutes is to the life of an all-day sucker. Athene had been too intelligent to keep the people there over four years.

And after awhile the girls even began to think of Athene as a friend—being too blind to realize anything else. They even made a huge seal with her picture in the center as a symbol of 'The Place.' "After all," they reasoned in their own small way, "was it not she who founded the institution?"

And believe it or not, 'The Place' is still in existence. All you have to do to see it is to take an aeroplane from the nearest airport and ride half way around the world from Uber to the Island of Colegio.

TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM

By MILDRED RODGERS

What right had she, destroying him? But it was all right—a small thing she was taking from him, a petty life—yet a great tremendous thing, his only life, his mortality and immortality. To live a little longer, to hold his life a key to endless life. Oh, God, why should she have the power, he thought. But he would have lost himself to death a little every day—and now his death a key to endless death.

He was superior to her—she knew and hated it, hating him for it. She could not defeat him, she had no right; and he must have revenge. He must not discover to her his regret, but in some way fill her with fear. She was no longer afraid of him, only impatient to see him dead. But she could fear the others. With a heart by malice deadened make her frightened—subject to his superiority again. He could not really hurt her.

"They accept deathbed statements as truth," he said, lowering his voice so that the landlady should not hear while waiting in the next room for the doctor she had called. "In a court of law they accept them as truth; they will convict a murderer on the strength of what a dying man says." She looked at him with hatred. He shivered suddenly and pain twisted his mouth. He touched his lips and looked at the bottle on the table. Only four pills gone last night, now the whole bottle empty—how obvious a thing to do—he should have known.

"If I had not loved you so much, I should not regret telling them. They won't call it first degree murder; in a woman's case they seldom do . . ." She wasn't hearing him. "How will you manage without those pretty bright clothes?" he asked curiously, not being able to imagine her in anything but rather gaudy frocks, all spangles and feathers. "You won't be allowed to wear your good dresses; they give you uniforms."

He was sorry that the taste of his coffee had led him to suspect, to look for the bottle. But the pain would have told him soon what the bottle had indicated at first. He knew that the landlady had sent for a doctor, leaving this woman to care for him; but he wished that the doctor might not come. It was already too late to save him, and he knew the doctor's attempt would be quite hopeless and undignified.

He did not condemn the woman. He had caught her and she could not deny it; but she felt no guilt, only anger that he had discovered the crime. He understood. But what a pity to destroy his spirit, leaving her body. Arms, legs, breasts, hair against mind; beast against soul. She resented his superiority, for he was superior in learning, in intelligence, in capacity, in desire. In love, in hate, in sickness and in health, till death do us part. Death. She was right. A soul, a spirit—that is temporal; only the flesh is eternal. And no child,

no growing son to hold his immortality. She had not even given him that. No flesh of his to be eternal. She was right, killing him to show him that he was wrong in his superiority. The pain passed for a moment.

"Call them in," he said. "I must tell them now; I am already almost too weak and confused." She looked at him a long moment, turned reluctantly and started slowly across the room. Then, as if struck by a sudden idea, she walked hastily, almost ran toward the door. Swiftly she turned the key and with her back against the door faced him in minor triumph. He frowned in annoyed surprise, then smiled slightly that he had allowed her to get the upper hand. "Very well, do not call them; they will guess anyway."

He had not planned to tell them, only to frighten her. To tell would be to lose his pride. They would laugh a little as they had laughed at her flirtations which she had supposed he had not known about; they would say that she killed him to be free of him. Why had he thought those words—in sickness and in health—he had never said them with her. She was free of him before; she could have other men, other lovers, other days and nights—nights—yes, she lived in the night, in days waiting for nights, but always beautiful, with beauty of the eternal flesh, eternal and unchangeable like God—perhaps God was flesh, not spirit—the spirit was weak, submitting to the flesh. He had submitted to her.

The water she gave him cleared his mind a little. Could she be enjoying his pain, wanting to prolong it, he wondered.

"You were free before," he said, trying to make her see her mistake. "You were free, but now you have bound yourself to me with chains stronger than steel. I shall never leave you alone; I shall haunt you, you know. When you sleep with other men, you will know that it is I touching you. You have lost your freedom by your own act." He smiled to see her shudder and move restlessly about the room. He knew that she wished he would die quickly, and he resolved to do so because he had loved her.

He watched her walk toward the window, watched her grace remembering the pleasure of possession. Possession is wrong, because it is not absolute. Love was not absolute, sin was not absolute, guilt not absolute, law not absolute, punishment.

He was on a phonograph record, in the middle, spinning slowly, then faster toward the edge. Love was not absolute. He had neglected to remember all his past life, to let it pass in review before him. She was very beautiful . . . not his beauty now. Not his love, not his own, lost to him, not his.

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CROSS-SECTION

By ELIZABETH BASS

"Train on Track 8 for Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and points North," rasped the loud-speaker. "Leaving in ten minutes." Faces, legs, bodies, bags . . . confusion. Quietly a corporal, his face strained, comforted a tearful girl. Nearby, giggling, stood a group of girls nudging each other, commenting on passers-by. Through the arc of a door strode a be-furred, be-diamonded spinster, trailed by a supercilious Pekinese and a sweating red-cap. "Boy, I want you to be absolutely certain that all my luggage is aboard that Chicago train," she commanded in a grating voice. "Why, I don't know how I would attend the club meetings if my bags shouldn't arrive. And be sure Fifi's bed is put in my drawing room. Poor dear. She gets so sick on filthy trains if she doesn't have her bed by mine."

But one corner of the station was tranquil. Here a red-headed girl, legs crossed, sat calmly. She wasn't beautiful, just pretty. She wasn't richly dressed. She wore attractive, but simple, clothes. Seemingly oblivious of looks thrown her by admiring G. I.'s, the girl indifferently glanced around, concentrating on nothing. The North-bound train pulled out. Human traffic ebbed and flowed. Still the girl sat. Finally, rising, she strolled to the powder room, emerging some five minutes later refreshed. A train rumbled in, so instead of returning to her seat, the girl walked up toward the tracks. People streamed from the train, crowding, pushing, yelling. Hilarious greetings reverberated through the night air. Quietly but determinedly the red-head made her way against the tide until she stood quite near the Pullman steps. One by one people descended and were swallowed by the crowd . . . Some ten minutes later only a porter, two tramps, a soldier, and the girl remained. Timidly approaching the soldier, the girl inquired, "I beg your pardon, but has this train another section?"

"No, I don't think so, ma'm," replied the boy politely. "I haven't heard anybody mention one. Could I help you?"

"I don't think so. You see, I was to meet my brother who's coming in on furlough, but I guess he missed this train," explained the girl. "Thank you very much, though," she said, turning to leave. Hurriedly the girl made her way down the ramp, through the station. Nearly halfway to the door, she heard a voice call, "Miss, oh, Miss. Just a minute. You dropped your glove." The soldier rushed up. "I was afraid I couldn't catch you. Gee, you sure must be in a hurry."

"Thank you very much," the girl smiled. "No, I'm not particularly in a hurry. It's just that I don't want to be out so late alone. It isn't safe."

"That's right," approved the boy. "Your mother would be worried."

The girl smiled again. "That's sweet," she said, "but my mother doesn't live here. I'm from out West, and only have a job here. But my roommate would worry."

"Gee, it's tough your brother didn't make that train. When will he get here?"

"I'm not sure. Probably early in the morning or sometime tomorrow. I hope so."

"So do I. Say, since it's so late and I've got several hours to kill between trains, couldn't I see you safely home? By the way, I guess you'd better know my name before you get any wrong ideas. It's Tom. Tom Davis. I'm from Hendersonville, Tennessee, and on my way home. As you can see, I'm a Marine and a corporal."

"Thank you, Corporal, that's awfully nice of you to offer to take me home, but I couldn't let you," refused the girl.

"Aw, please. I'd like to be sure nothing happened to you. Do a fellow soldier a good turn by seeing his sister safely home, you know. I'd want somebody to do as much for my kid sister."

"Well, all right. It isn't very far. We can walk."

"Gee, that'd be swell. I haven't talked to a girl in so long. Most forgotten how it feels. Which way do we go? To the right? O. K. We're off."

After some minutes of walking, the girl stopped. "Why, I forgot to tell you my name. You were so nice to introduce yourself and it completely slipped my mind to tell you who I was. My name's Sue Linville. I'm secretary to an insurance firm."

"Sue, huh? That's a pretty name. My sister's name is Betty. She's a lot like you . . . only a brunette. Sure will be glad to see her. Haven't been home in four months. The old place will look mighty good."

"I'll bet so," agreed Sue. "What is your sister like? Does she work?"

"Nope, she goes . . . Aw, but this'll bore you," he objected.

"But it won't," protested the girl. "I'd love to hear about her. Tell me."

"Well, if you'll drop in here and have a cup of coffee."

"Really, I couldn't. Marge will be worried."

"Aw, come on," pleaded Tom. "I'll only take a minute."

"All right, only let's go across the street to Tony's. This place gets a little rough."

"Any place you say, Sue. Tony's it is."

Tony's was an ordinary little bar with a few customers, lounging on stools or in chairs around the wall. Tony spoke to Sue, bowed to Tom, and led the couple to a booth. Bending over them, he made suggestions to Tom from a chewed wine list. Sue ordered with: "The usual please, Tony. Buttermilk." Tom said he'd have a beer.

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REVERIE

By BETTY SUTTON

Now as I sit here in my familiar room (not pretty and chintzy for my mother is not that kind of a woman. Her mind is preoccupied with the facts and figures for her next report for the *Woman's Magazine*), my heart is thumping with a hard, pounding regularity. I could not help a start of surprise when I looked in the mirror just then. I looked just like myself—only more dressed up than usual. It took an hour of work to turn my fingernails into deep red ovals and even more time to train this wayward hair into a roll. Still, this chartreuse and black dress gives the desired effect. Roy will be surprised. Maybe he won't like the change, but why should I care?

Maybe he remembers me as the awkward girl in the pink organdy pinafore with the pink bow in her hair. Senior year in high school. I was doing the usual things—slaving more with the Drama League and the Debating Team than with Shakespeare and sulfuric acid. And my ideals were sky high. We live in a college town and I had been dating college boys for a couple of years. That is—college boys of the Epworth League, 4-H Club variety. And then Roy came into my life. Instead of talking about "When I used to work on my high school paper" or "You should have heard what happened over in South Dorm the other night," he spoke familiarly of the Deltas and how many quarts they killed the other night and told me I was a cute kid even if I did act like I was eleven years old most of the time. My parents met him once, said hello as quickly as possible, and went on upstairs. (My dad dislikes nothing more than having to sit down and talk to some "young upstart!") They did not seem to notice that I was dating Roy three or four times a week and had gradually stopped dating other boys. My mother did rouse herself to remark that she didn't like the way I had broken a couple of dates just to see him when he never bothered to call before 7:00 o'clock on the night he wanted a date. I guess they considered that since I did my share around the house, made decent grades, and was usually obedient, I knew what I was doing. And I was sure of it. We'd go to the movies or bowling—just the usual things. But right often he'd miss calling me for a week or so. When I'd ask him about it, he'd say, "Oh we just pitched a little party over the week-end."

"Why don't I ever get in on any of those?" I'd ask petulantly.

"Look, goon-child, I don't think they're just exactly what you'd care for," he'd remark in that voice we usually reserve for babies.

But one night right before he went home between terms he called. It was later than usual—about 8:30 I think.

"We're having a little party over at the house now," he said.

"Well, why can't I come?" I asked.

"You wouldn't enjoy it."

"Just ask me," I said. I must have sounded forlorn. It was my last chance to see him for a week.

"All right then. I'm coming over. Be there in about five minutes." His voice sounded a little blurred, but I didn't notice it then.

He did arrive in a few minutes. He seemed to be in a real hurry to get off; so we went on. I had told mother I was going out. She had remarked that nine o'clock was a little late to be starting on a date, but that she knew that she couldn't live with me if I didn't get to go. I had explained that it was a sort of party.

Somehow the Delt house looked different tonight. Roy and I had stopped by there a couple of times before to play some ping pong, but we hadn't stayed long. Tonight we went on into the dining room where they kept the ping pong table. There were three other couples sitting around the breakfast table. I had met the boys casually. One of them was Jim Thompson, Roy's roommate. The girls I had never seen before. That is, except for one. I had seen her at some of the dances and had heard some of the girls talk about her "rep" in whispers. In the center of the table was one bottle of Seagram's Seven Crown empty and another half full. One of the boys was mixing the whiskey with ginger ale and ice. The whole crowd was in the middle of a song when we walked in. Introductions over, Roy's roommate offered us a drink. I said ginger ale would do for me. Jim looked surprised, but poured me out some. Roy downed half a glass of the whiskey hastily and without the ginger ale. Then we started playing ping pong. Meanwhile the gang at the table was getting noisier. I heard one of them shout, "Aw, damn the torpedoes. Full speed ahead."

Roy pulled me on into the small front living room. It was dark in there. The only light burning was a small blue one. I went over to the radio and found a dance band playing something inane—"Time Goes By," I think. Before I knew it Roy was over there and had switched it off. Then he pulled me down on the sofa and kissed me hard upon the mouth. I had been kissed before—the usual quick goodnight kisses and maybe a more fervent one every now and then in the porch swing. But I was not prepared for anything like this. My voice, when it finally came, mumbled something like, "Let's go in the big living room and dance"; and I broke away and headed for the door. When I got there, I heard the record player going, but everything was dark and all I could hear was a whisper every now and then.

Roy came up behind me and said, "You see,

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WHAT COLLEGE DONE FOR ME

By VICI DEVOE

The layman (that's collegiate for a person who has never seen the gates of college) is apt to be skeptical about the benefits and rewards of a college education, believing that college only gives the student four years of idleness and numerous bad habits. It is this layman who hisses malignantly, "and exactly *what* are you getting out of your college education?" Trapped by this interrogation, the student is usually stumped, baffled. How can she answer in a sentence all those things which college has given to her? How can she possibly recall and enumerate all those lessons which her alma mammy has taught her? The answer is simple; she can't. So I shall attempt to give a detailed account of what college has done for me, with the deep and most supreme hope that it will aid in answering this constant, bothersome question.

Having decided that you will further your education, the first question is, "Where shall I go to college?" This is not easy to answer, for there are hundreds of colleges scattered throughout the United States. Therefore, definite points must be considered. How many men's colleges are in the vicinity? What social opportunities are offered? Where can my brain be happiest? Choosing a college which meets these qualifications, you embark with suitcases and trunks and place your dainty foot on the threshold of what will be your home for four beautiful and memorable years.

The next problem is the selection of courses and professors. Care must be taken not to get any courses before 10:00 and after 1:00. Choosing the right professors means the difference between getting an "A" and a "D" at the end of the semester. One must consider the number of tests given, the amount of papers required, and each professor's wit, charm, pleasantness and easiness before making the final choice.

But enough of these preliminaries. This is just to show the sceptic the thought, cunningness and foresight which must be exhibited before even beginning a college education. Now for the direct answer on exactly what college has taught us.

FRESHMAN YEAR

1. Natural nail polish on soap, lipstick or door knobs, and cold cream on mirrors can raise a lot of hell in a freshman dorm.
2. The chewy strings in celery are called vascular bundles.
3. The best roommate is one who does not fit into your clothes.
4. Coca-Cola can be kept cold by placing it outside the window during the winter months.
5. The Arboretum is not a place where trees and shrubs are cultivated for scientific and educational purposes.
6. Food is composed of a lot of little things called vitamins and calories.

7. A blouse worn with a suit need only be pressed down the front.
8. Woolen socks should not be sent to the college laundry unless you want to give them to a baby niece.
9. A box of food from home and a number of males with friends are your ticket to popularity.
10. For best results and less embarrassing experiences it is necessary to ask the height of a girl's date when swapping card dances.
11. An alarm clock is not infallible.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

1. Eighty per cent of college men are wolves and drunkards.
2. The Spaniards and South Americans do not speak Spanish alike.
3. Time can be saved by doing your laundry and taking a bath at the same time.
4. A quick note to a friend can be scribbled in an appearance of taking class notes.
5. In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue (or was it in 1493, Columbus sailed the deep blue sea?)
6. An appetizing sandwich can be made from onions, mayonnaise and sardines.
7. Extra funds can be procured by telling your parents you have to buy a new French book.
8. Milton wrote something about Adam and Eve.
9. Eight hours sleep is not necessary for an adult.
10. A woman lives by bread alone at Tuesday lunch.
11. The library is the place for a quiet nap.
12. NaCL is another name for table salt.

JUNIOR YEAR

1. An intelligent expression and a few pertinent questions will boost your grade in a course.
2. Six hours sleep is not necessary for an adult.
3. An Ionic column looks like an inverted curl.
4. A good time and the rule book do not mix.
5. Good marks are not made by disagreeing with the professor's thoughts, opinions and theories.
6. Thick black coffee will keep you awake for two hours at a time.
7. All college men are wolves and drunkards.
8. All chapel programs are invariably deadly boring.
9. A steak dinner is more important than the looks and personality of your date.
10. You can present a fairly healthy appearance by powdering the circles under your eyes.

SENIOR YEAR

1. Schubert never finished one of his symphonies.
2. A roaring fire is not necessary for toasting

marshmallows; a pointed pair of scissors and a match will do just as well.

3. It is possible to sit up all night and type a 5,000 word term paper, thinking it out as you go along, and get "B" on it.
4. A uniform does not necessarily mean a man is an officer and a gentleman.
5. Sleep is not necessary.
6. Time can be saved in the morning by taking underwear (slip, bra, pants) to the john and putting them on while sitting there.
7. A quiet nap can be indulged in in a lecture course by turning the eyes downward in an appearance of taking notes.
8. A few drinks of cider (left in the closet for several weeks) can produce a lovely buzz.
9. The less there is of an evening dress the more men like it.
10. Teas are stilted, boring, and not worth dressing up for.
11. You will insult, alienate and incur a professor's eternal wrath if you cut his class more than once a week.

If these concrete facts are not a sufficient answer for the layman, clutch your breast, sigh, look upwards and murmur, "Well, I guess you just wouldn't understand." There's no answer to that one.

UNFINISHED

(Continued from page 5)

stared blankly at the faint outline before him. "Turner!" The outline became sharper until it materialized into the body of Sgt. Hooker.

"Man, what's wrong with you?" he demanded.

Jim closed his mouth and blinked his eyes, feeling a queer, weak relief.

"Sorry, sergeant." He looked at him steadily. He had an odd feeling that he was on the drill field.

The sergeant looked at him long and hard, then wheeled and made his way forward again.

Jim looked around for Tommy and saw that he was all right, and that Bill McGrath had moved in closer to him.

"Okay now, Jim?" Blackie could not hide the anxiety.

"Sure, Kid, I just wanted to get at them so damn' bad—"

"Me too, Jim." His smile was full of confidence.

After a moment, Jim said, "You're okay, kid. Let's go."

It was not until they had taken a few steps forward that Jim realized that his halt had lasted only for a period of seconds. It seemed as though he had been caught in a sweep of time, that hours had hurtled past as he wildly formulated his plan to break down the suspense.

They progressed slowly, carefully, until they reached the river. There the captain had halted the advance, and they gathered a few yards from the river-bank in a well-concealed spot that seemed to offer protection.

Jim crouched down as the captain began out-lining their position, and more men joined them as he spoke. Their faces were grim, and they made no effort to hide their perplexity. Each man had expected to have to fight from the beach; it seemed impossible that they could have advanced even fifty yards without meeting opposition. As they listened to the captain, they realized that he could offer them no explanation; that they still had to explore and hunt for death. Many stared past him at the solid green wall which loomed beyond the thin, dirty stream.

Godwin had stopped speaking, and they prepared to resume the march. As they were rear-ranging their gear, Lt. Kenton hurried through the groups of men and approached the captain.

"There's a holy mess back there, sir. Everything's coming in too fast."

"How bad is it?"

"The guns have come in, but there's such an overflow of equipment that they can't build the emplacements. Ammunition has been piled inside the palm fringe, but it'll be murder if that beach is strafed."

"Take a couple of men and go back to help them."

"Can't I stay here, sir? I can send men back."

Godwin obviously did not feel like arguing. "All right. Three men will be enough."

Kenton turned hurriedly. He glanced over the men, who were beginning to spread out.

"Hooker! Get a couple of men and go back to the beach. Help get things straightened out." He was gone before the sergeant could reply.

Cursing, Hooker turned. "Work my damn fool head off to get here and then I'm stowed away on a damn' beach! Turner! Get the kid and come with me."

Jim, who had moved past him, turned impatiently. "What the hell are you doing, sergeant? The river's this way."

"Not for us it ain't. We're going back and help unload equipment."

Dismayed, Jim stopped short. "Back to the beach! Get somebody else, sergeant. I didn't come here to play nursemaid to a lot of—"

"Stop your bellyachin' and come on. I don't like it any more than you do."

Jim looked down at the beach intently, remembering how it had looked that day. Even this confusion could not match it. Piles of supplies had been thrown haphazardly near the palm fringe and had grown higher by the minute. The sand had been deeply rutted by jeep tracks, and men worked frantically to put everything in order. A first-aid tent had already been put up and men were busy camouflaging a rakish tent just behind it that had a sign which blatantly announced "HEADQUARTERS." They had been able to hear broken fragments of orders being yelled at hurriedly departing figures.

Hooker had snorted contemptuously and walked up to a young officer who was directing the construction of a gun emplacement.

"Need any help, sir?"

The man looked at him impatiently. "We certainly do, sergeant. Do you know anything about building an emplacement like this one?"

"Yes, sir."

The lieutenant whirled around. "You DO!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Thank God there are some marines who can do something besides handle a gun!" He turned again: "Adams! Dunlap! Hurry up there!" Then he addressed Hooker. "Go over to Captain Cramer—over there—directing the unloading—find out where he wants you to go—take these two men with you."

Hooked joined the two men and they left. The lieutenant looked at Jim and Blackie. "What about you? You know anything about this?"

"No," said Jim bluntly.

"Better check with Cramer, too, then," the officer replied, and went back to the emplacement.

Jim and Blackie crossed the beach. Cramer was obviously rattled, and spoke sharply. "Hell, I don't know where you're needed! No—wait—go help load those shell-carts and attach them to the jeeps." He pointed to a spot just inside the palm fringe. By this time, Jim and Blackie had caught the fever of excitement and went across the stretch at a run. Jim hailed a bare-backed marine who was breaking open crates.

"Who's in charge here?"

"Sergeant Corrigo—Why?"

"We're supposed to help get things straight . . ."

The marine spoke without stopping his work. "Start loading these shells on . . . you can put your gear over in those bushes . . . Go ahead and strip if you want to."

"Hell, ain't you ever heard of snipers?" retorted Jim.

"They've posted a patrol—hurry up!"

Jim and Blackie shrugged off their packs and discarded their shirts. Although fully aware of the emergency on the beach, they still had not lost the sting of having been pulled from the line. They started loading the shells, working quickly. Still, however, they did not talk. Jim could not keep himself from thinking about the men in the line. During brief lulls, he looked into the jungles, as though trying to pierce the foliage. Occasionally, single shots were heard and once a volley. Each time he involuntarily paused, thinking that perhaps the actual fighting had begun, but no further evidences of combat followed. The ships were still sending salvos far into the island, but after a while, the cr-r-ump of the explosions became commonplace.

Toward late afternoon, the beach had been restored to comparative order. At frequent intervals runners arrived bearing news of the progress made by the troops inland, and each time the information spread quickly. No opposition—no Japs—still moving ahead. Each report was the same. No one wounded by enemy fire, although one marine had been injured by a bullet which ricocheted off a rock and hit his hand.

He and Blackie had worked on until the darkness made further progress impossible, then they

had gone down to the edge of the water and washed their hands, faces, and shoulders. After they had eaten, they had thrown their bedrolls down in a concealed spot just inside the palm fringe and turned in. For a while, they laid there quietly, watching the clouds of black smoke from fires burning inland, and listening to the uneasy movement of the sea.

He remembered the way Blackie had rolled over impulsively. "Jim, they'll send us back, won't they?"

"They damn' well better."

"They've got to, Jim!"

"Oh, for Christ's sake, we'll get enough—they'll need replacements."

Blackie, rebuffed, lay silent for a moment.

"Don't think about it too much, you damn fool," growled Jim. "It'll get you."

Blackie was aroused. "I've gotta get a Jap, I tell you! I gotta!" He sat up quickly, grabbed a handful of sand, and splattered it in front of him.

Jim felt a sudden desire to hit him. "You think I don't want to get in it?" he snarled. "Hell, you don't know! I worked hard for this—you think it ain't eatin' me?"

Blackie had twisted around to look at him, a startled expression on his face. Turner, disgusted, seething inside, flopped over on his stomach and



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remained rigidly silent. Blackie played at the sand with the toe of his shoe until Jim looked around at him.

"I know, kid," he said scornfully. "Your brother's dead, so you enlisted because you had to get a Jap. But don't think the rest of us don't have reasons, too." Then he added, as if thinking aloud, "We'll get there—just a couple of days, and we'll get there."

A couple of days—it had been a full month, for the next day, the Japs had attacked. He remembered the way the runner had come into camp, sweating, dirty, tired, but running urgently. Then, as the word had begun to spread that the lines had met opposition, the casualties had begun to come in. There had been scores of them—litter after litter after litter, all bearing wounded marines, all the marines wearing that same look of bewilderment, as though they couldn't quite adjust themselves to the fact that they had been hit. It had been a surprise, all right. And then, while the men were still stopping to look as the wounded were carried past, they had heard the drone of motors in the sky. Jim had frozen right where he was standing. He had lost control of his limbs, but oddly enough, his head had moved in a silly circle, from the sea, where the ships were hoisting anchor and making a mad run for the open water where they might maneuver safely, to the sky, where the planes were beginning to appear with maddening deliberateness, to the beach, where crews were dashing for the gun pits. Then all hell had broken loose, and he had run for the bomb shelter. One of the bombs had gotten a direct hit on a ship and as she belched black smoke and eerie streaks of flame, he heard someone senselessly yell, "They got her!" Once he had stopped, fascinated by the slow, wide circle of smoke that followed a plane which had been hit.

It had been like that every day for three weeks—daily attacks by the Japs, the stream of casualties coming from the inland, the supplies coming in slowly and sporadically, but always casualties—the beach unit had been almost wiped out that first day, and he and Blackie and several other men who had been pulled back had to stay on and keep things going. Hooker had been killed in the first attack.

Gradually, Jim had come to the point where he didn't care. His work on the beach was regular—it had regular schedules which had to be met—regular danger from the air—regular sleep at night—and the daily promise of more marines being brought back. Once one had come back by himself. A corpsman had patched him up and he had obviously started out alone. He had fallen a few yards from the beach and his wound reopened. When Jim found him, the man's cheek was half-submerged in a pool of blood and as he gasped, the blood gurgled and bubbled maliciously. Jim had stood there and stared at him. Then he turned and yelled for a corpsman. As soon as he was sure that the corpsman could see him he pointed significantly to the wounded man and walked away.

But Blackie had not found things so easy—he fretted and worried. Jim had noted that the kid's eyes constantly turned inland, that he had watched the casualties with a sort of envy. Jim had become impatient with him—a man had to do what they told him to do and there was no damn sense in worrying if it wasn't what he wanted. Jim had told the kid this time and time again, but still he had not been convinced. Jim had the feeling that Blackie was becoming infected inside, that he was becoming a human sore. But Blackie had liked the patrols, and he always looked forward to them, because they gave him a chance to go inland. So that morning, that final, damned morning, he had come running up to Jim, eager to start.

"Hey, Jim! You ready?"

"Oh, fer God's sake—what's the hurry? We got all day."

"Let's get going, Jim! Got your gear?"

"Oh hell, yes!" He looked at the kid's equipment. "Where are your binoculars?"

"Cripes! I forgot!" and he went scurrying back to the supply tent. Jim watched him run. The kid had grown up, and it made him feel uneasy. He didn't seem to talk any different, but it was something in his walk. Jim handled this idea for a moment, and then Blackie reappeared.

They reported to the CQ and then started into the jungle. It was just a routine four-hour patrol, but the day was hot already and the jungles would be worse. They seemed to stink, as though they were hiding dead bodies—and they were.

They made their way carefully—the area had been combed for snipers time and time again, but they kept filtering through the lines and once in a while, men failed to report. The answer was always easy—those damn snipers. But Jim walked easily. He had almost memorized the jungle; it seemed as though he had seen every broken tree, seen their ragged edges sticking up as a reminder of something. He hadn't decided what they did remind him of, but it was something. Some day it would come to him—just like that, easy, and he would know. He chewed his tobacco gently.

"Let's go up on the knoll, Jim," said Blackie. "And take a look around." Blackie liked the knoll. From there it was possible to see the faint flashes of mortar fire and watch the spirals of smoke rising from the green stretch that lay between them and the mountains. They were cleaning out the caves up there.

They started up the rise, going on their hands and knees at first, then crawling on their stomachs, for the elevated ground made them more easily visible. The ground was warm and moist under Jim's hands. When they reached the top of the knoll, they stretched out alongside each other. Jim pushed his helmet back a little and adjusted his binoculars. He had always wanted to stand up on this knoll—he liked the sight of big things, and he felt that he would be able to see everything on the island if he could only stand up on this particular knoll and look. Snipers disgusted him. He put the glasses to his eyes and

began looking around. The trees came into sharper focus and he could see the odd formations their branches made. He moved his head from side to side slowly, taking in the sweep of green. The ravine below them was the only break in it. He glanced at Blackie and saw that he was scanning the mountains for the sight of the faint red that would show him where the troops were working. He put the glasses to his eyes again. He looked through them and started to turn the adjuster when suddenly his body tightened. The ravine—what the hell was that in the ravine? He inched his body forward a little as though he were going to reach out for that unidentified thing and touch it. His helmet slipped back, but he kept trying to focus the glasses. Then it came into sight, clear and in sharp relief. "Blackie!" His voice was a guttural whisper. "Blackie, take a look!" He didn't take his eyes from the figures in the ravine, but he knew that he sounded funny. He didn't recognize his own voice.

"Where, Jim?" Blackie had sensed that something was happening, and his voice was strangely eager.

"In the ravine, dammit, the ravine!" He studied the figures . . . There were five of them, moving up the bed of the ravine. His mind flew—why the bed of the ravine? Couldn't be snipers—they wait 'til dark and slip through the lines . . . *why the bed of the ravine?*

"JAPS!" Blackie's voice was an excited whisper. He sounded like a little boy who has just been given a present.

Jim did not acknowledge his discovery, but went on thinking in that damnable removed way. Then he knew. Involuntarily, his eyes shifted from the glasses to the bridge. He knew. They were going for the bridge. Five of them—just right for a demolition job of that kind. They were going for the bridge. And he and Blackie knew it. They were the only ones who knew it. If they get the bridge, it'll cut off the supplies to the guys in the mountains for a day or so at least—if not more. The engineers would have to be contacted—and they were up front. The Japs would probably cut the field lines—they couldn't overlook a thing like that. They're going for the bridge. That means an attack. The guys at the front will run out of ammo.

"We gotta stop 'em, Blackie," he said it matter-of-factly. "They're going for the bridge." This couldn't be him! He was all tensed up, all tight inside, and here he was talking like a damn finance officer!

Blackie was on fire. "The bridge, Jim!"

Jim twisted around quickly. "Look, Blackie—something's cooking. If they get that bridge, something is gonna happen up front!" He felt frantic. The glasses were at his eyes again—he vaguely knew that his mouth had dropped open, and his body was heaving from the tightness of breathing. He could feel his diaphragm pushing against the ground.

"How're we gonna stop 'em?" Blackie was urgent. He had risen to a half-sitting position.

"Get down!" Jim hissed. "Do you want them to spot us?" He couldn't stand looking through the glasses. How to get at them? There wasn't time to go back to the beach for help. Just him and Blackie . . . They couldn't open fire from the knoll—they would be perfect targets, and both of them would probably get it before either of them could take care of even two Japs. They'd have to get three Japs at least . . . two couldn't do the job on the bridge. Three Japs, how to get them? The ravine . . .

"Blackie—one of us is going down the side of the ravine . . . I'll go—you cover me. We gotta get three Japs." He realized that he wasn't making sense. "Look—it takes more than two to do a job like that. That means we gotta get three of 'em. We can't get that many from here. I'll go down and tangle with them—you cover me from here. If they get me—you open fire. Have you got that?"

Blackie's face looked twisted. "Jim, I gotta get a Jap—let me go, Jim!"

Jim stared at him blankly. It hadn't even occurred to him that Blackie could do it. Something said no, and yet Blackie's face—he had to say yes. He became aware of the tobacco in his mouth and spit it out. "Okay, kid—get started. But for God's sake, be careful!"

Blackie didn't wait. He started down the side of the knoll toward the ravine, fast. Jim watched him go a little way, then pulled his rifle up and put it against his shoulder. He leveled it off on the ground, then took a look through the glasses. They were moving up slowly . . . probably thought they had all the time in the world. He looked for Blackie and saw him nearing the edge of the ravine. Unconsciously, he told the kid what to do . . . fix your gun, kid, so you'll be able to get to it. Now slide over—careful. Check your footing. Got a good strong vine? Okay—now hang on and start. Blackie's head disappeared, and Jim looked through the glasses again. Blackie would be going down, now . . . staying beside the vine, hanging on, going slowly, carefully. The Japs hadn't seen him . . . He hated them, the little bastards. Everything going fine—they'd never get to the bridge. He watched them closely, then realized that something had gone wrong—they were stopping and talking, then pointing to the side of the ravine. Blackie! They had spotted Blackie!

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ST. JOHN STUDIO
BELK THIRD FLOOR

Little wheels started churning inside of him. Careful, Jim . . . think this out—but you'll have to be quick . . . If you go to warn him, they'll see you, and then you'll both be cooked . . . but if you open fire, that'll expose you . . . Would it be better to try to distract their attention or try to let Blackie know . . . what are you going to do, Jim, QUICK! And then he caught his breath sharply as he heard a rifle crack . . . He froze, hearing a cry and then rocks falling down the ravine. "Oh, God," he said aloud. "Oh, God." Blackie . . . no Jap for you, Blackie . . . no Jap for you . . . The bridge! How to keep them from the bridge! He was sweating—it poured down his face and arms . . . his hands were wet on the rifle stock. He looked from the Japs to the bridge. They spotted Blackie in a minute—they'd spot me . . . if I open fire from here, I can get some of them—but then I'm a dead duck. Either way, I haven't got a chance. What am I going to do? One damn bridge . . . I've gotta die for one damn bridge. He hesitated. Like hell I have. What if I didn't get more than one—or even two—they'd go ahead and get the damned thing, and here I'd be. Dead. One more dead marine . . . and what for? A bridge that they'll blow up anyway. Blackie didn't get his Jap . . . not even when he went after him. Hell, no . . . I ain't gonna die for a bridge. No damned bridge. His breath was coming in short, painful spurts . . . He had dropped the glasses and now his eyes moved from the spot where he had last seen the Japs and up to the bridge again. He could just see one wooden edge of it, where it met the other side of the ravine, and then a bare patch of ground, and then the jungle again. Suddenly he felt tired. He picked the glasses up and raked the bed of the ravine with them . . . God, they had moved fast. In a few minutes—just a few more minutes—it would be all over. He put the glasses down. He felt very tired, and there were hot wires strung tight just inside his skin on both sides of him. They started at his armpits and went clear down to his ankles. But his feet were wet and cold. His arms and back were just dead weight. He closed his eyes. Hurry up, damn you. He hated those five men. He hated this patrol. He hated Blackie. If he had shut his damn mouth, I'd be down there now instead of him . . . that would be so easy. So damned easy. He had asked for it. His mind revolted. No more thinking about Blackie . . . that's over with . . . no good to think about Blackie. If only those damn fools would hurry up and blow the bridge. Then I could go back to camp. Back to the beach . . . His mind grabbed at an idea. I'll make up for it! I'll demand to be sent to the lines . . . and I'll make up for it! He wasn't tired any longer. He thought it all out quickly. Once in the lines, I'll show 'em . . . and I'll get Blackie's Jap, too. Yeah. I'll get Blackie's Jap. And then Blackie won't mind. He grabbed at the glasses, but he couldn't locate the Japs. Then he realized that they had reached the bridge. In a minute—maybe two. He watched the wooden edge. He fastened his eyes on the second hand on his watch and followed its circle.

Then he just stared at it, not seeing it at all, but waiting. Then it came—a loud explosion—and he jerked his head up. A cloud of blue smoke rose quickly and then disappeared. The air was filled with dirt and pieces of wood. It seemed odd to be able to watch them jiggle in the air and suddenly fall. He could hear the large pieces rattle against the side of the ravine and then hit. They sounded like the rocks that went down with Blackie. Blackie! He jumped to his feet. His rifle fell hard against his leg, and he kicked it away. He had to get back to the beach—had to demand to be sent to the lines . . . He started running, crouched over. He ran and ran and ran—down the side of the knoll, into the straight stretch of jungle, past the broken trees, jumping over the fallen branches, pushing through the undergrowths. When he got to level ground, he straightened up and ran harder. He broke into the palm grove and finally onto the open beach. Then he turned to the left and sprinted down the stretch of the sand, making straight for the command post. He ran up to the guard there. "Gotta see the captain," he panted. "Gotta see the captain!" The guard disappeared for a moment and the captain came out. Several other officers were behind him. The sight of them threw Jim off for a minute—what are they doing here? No other officers come here—they are all in the lines. He stared at them blankly.

"What is it, Turner?" The captain spoke sharply.

Jim swallowed hastily and let out the torrent of words . . .

"The bridge—we spotted a Jap demolition squad moving up the ravine." The flow of words became smoother. They were headed for the bridge. We opened up and started to move in on them. We got to the edge of the ravine, and they got Blackie . . . I tried to stop them, but I couldn't . . . they got the bridge. I got away somehow and got back here . . . but they got the bridge."

The captain hardly waited for him to finish. He wheeled around and yelled into the tent. "Rich! Get your men and get the hell to the bridge—it's been blown. Oh, of all the God-damned things to happen! Check on the damage and see what can be done . . . and get back here!"

Rich came tumbling out of the tent, his helmet in his hand. He started down the beach on the run. The captain furiously smacked his fist against his hand. "Oh, of all the God-damned things to happen!" He suddenly turned on Jim. "That was good work, Corporal," he said. "Good work." He wheeled at a man standing at his left. "Better check him and see if he's injured . . . he may be hurt and not know it." Then he hurried back into the tent.

Jim let the medic lead him to the shade and sat down. He was tired again. So damned tired. Something was happening . . . why all those officers? Then he suddenly remembered that he hadn't asked the captain to be sent to the front lines. He jumped to his feet muttering, "Gotta see the captain!" ignoring the medic's yells. He ran up

to the tent. "Captain Cramer!" he yelled. "Captain Cramer!" The man came running out of the tent. "Now what?"

"I gotta go to the lines!" Jim spluttered. "I've got to go to the lines!"

The captain stared at him, then shouted to the medic. "I told you to check this man—he's—" But Jim kept saying it over and over . . . "I've gotta go to the lines! I've gotta go to the lines!" He grabbed at the captain's arm, and then he broke. His knees buckled and he slipped down to the sand, sobbing. He couldn't understand. Something was happening and he didn't know what it was. He had told the captain about the bridge, but he hadn't asked to be sent to the lines. He cried with his mouth open and the saliva ran down on his chin. He was so tired. So damned tired. The captain stared at him for a moment. "God, what these men take!" he muttered. Then he spoke brusquely. "It's all right, corporal," he said. "The army's coming in. You can go home in a couple of days."

On the beach the Marines were moving in a single line, getting into the boats. One of them stopped, turned and yelled "Hey, Jim! What are you waitin' for? Let's go!" Cpl. Turner took a deep breath, and started walking down to the beach. He was going home.

SILVER BAND, SILVER BOND

(Continued from page 9)

cerns you. One just . . . you can't go around being chummy with street cleaners all over the place."

"No, huh? You wasn't so hoity-toity when he was working on the tennis courts."

"That was different. He happened to be a first-rate player and he helped me improve my game."

"Sure. Only he wasn't playing no game, and now he got shifted from the Department of Parks to the Department of Sanitation . . ."

Just then a couple of sailors walked in and settled at the soda counter. I welcomed the interruption. If not for the help I needed from Lily, I should have chosen that moment to leave. Lily made me uneasy. She was not her old self. Even now, serving those sailors, there was no trace of her habitual giggle or of those coy, suggestive movements that had provoked the boys to click their tongues. Lily picked up the sailors' change and left them to their sodas.

"Okay," she said, coming back to instruct me, "now divide those on three needles and rib straight along." She was calm and perfunctory. She made me wonder.

"Lily," I asked her, "do you still go to those sailor dances?"

"No. How d'you know I used to?"

"I don't remember. Someone mentioned it."

"What else did they say?"

"Nothing. I just . . ."

"Well, I don't. I only used to go on account of

the boys beggin' me so. But they couldn't get me to one of those on a leash now."

By and by the baby began to cry, and Lily had to go to his room to quiet him. When she returned, I wanted to ask about him, but she cut me short with her old lead, "How is your boy friend?"

"You've already asked me that," I reminded her.

"No, I mean this hot stuff. One who gave you the bracelet."

"I wish you wouldn't refer to him as 'hot stuff' or to me as Lizzie."

"Okay, okay. Just don't be such a stiff. You was gonna tell me all about this house party affair—one you met him at."

I grinned. "You are a slick one, Lily; you know what I like to talk about."

She smiled too. "Sure," she said, "We're all human, kid—even you." And it occurred to me that when she smiled like that she looked rather human herself. And as long as she'd asked me . . .

"Well, I met Laurie last fall at a house party Pamela Wilkins was giving Thanksgiving weekend. There was to be a four-piece orchestra, and she asked if I would come along and sing for them. Ordinarily, I wouldn't have gone. I know what those parties are. You get invited as one of the guests, and they let you eat at the same table; but in the end they press a bill in your hand, because they know you're on a scholarship and your mother is nothing but a Polish immigrant."

"They don't like Polacks there . . ."

"Oh yes, they do. All their maids are Polacks, and they treat them very well."

But the maids and the bill were forgotten when I began to talk of Laurie, of that first meeting with him. "Just like the movies," Lily said of it, and she was right. Events shook off their past and returned to the present, and Lily's candy store became the screen of life.

We were in a beautiful, spacious hall full of music and dancing people. The orchestra was playing "Begin the Beguine" and they were all swaying to it. The floor was dark, and so shiny it reflected the tulles floating above it and the flames of the candles all around. It made a lovely pattern. I was standing on the edge of it, on a little platform, singing that song when he came in. He stopped in the doorway for a moment, and as he was taking off his coat he saw that I was watching. He smiled, and saluted me. And then he walked past the dancers right up to my platform, and he said, "Well, why don't we begin the Beguine?"

It all seemed rather incredible to me, but he just led me down the steps, and there I was dancing with him before I'd quite collected my wits. And when the number ended, he called for an encore and the little orchestra started a tango. Laurie did the tango correctly and with grace. People gathered around to watch us; by and by we were alone on the floor. I was wearing a dark red silk—very sleek—and I was suspended somewhere between bliss and giddiness. My feet moved

by themselves; we were on a mountain; we alone were real, the others only shadows swaying to our dance.—When the dance was over some shadows clapped, and a cluster of female ones attached themselves to Laurie and shrieked about how lovely it was he could come, and what a shame he'd had to eat Thanksgiving dinner at that horrid camp of his instead of here on Long Island . . . Meanwhile the orchestra had departed and I began to play the piano, for that was my job during intermission. No one listened, but even so it was better than standing against a wall.

In my corner at the piano I was intensely aware of Laurie's presence, of the adulation with which he was surrounded; so I forced my neck stiff to keep from looking at him. And then, quite suddenly, he had disengaged himself and he was coming straight toward me. Me! He sat down beside me, listened to my melody, and after a while he said, "I like that, Bess," and when I didn't answer, he said, "Look here, how is it we've never met before? Who are you anyway?"

I had to smile at that because of a little verse that sprang into my mind,

"I'm nobody.

Who're you?

Are you nobody too?"

Perhaps my smile had provoked him, for he mimicked a deep sigh, "Well, I see you have swallowed your tongue," he said, "but won't you at least take a walk in the garden? It's a beautiful night."

And it did, in fact, turn out to be one of the loveliest nights of my life.

Throughout my impassioned performance on the screen of life Lily had continued knitting at a steady rate. Her equilibrium was annoying.

"Well," she finally asked, "did you ever see him again?"

Did I! What would my life have been without those keen and radiant days I spent with Laurie—those days when he drove up in his little coupe and we would go for long brisk rides in the country, or on bicycle trips, or skating parties on a moonlit lake? There had been invitations to parties, and I had rejoiced, because they were real invitations. But as long as Laurie came, what did it matter: I could have washed garbage pails and found the scrubbing exhilarating.

Lily's chin popped up from her chest. "Hey," she said, "You got it bad."

"Have I?"

"And how! What do you expect anyway? Did he propose at least?"

"Well, no. You see, Laurie isn't very—very sentimental."

"No, huh?"

"No. But once he said when he had a leave in June I must help him perfect his tango."

"He's comin' over then?"

"Why, of course, my dear. Lt. Warrington will be our house guest. I'll take him dancing in Joe's Spaghetti House; and then I'll tell him, since all our guest rooms are under repair just now, would he mind sleeping on the stove? They all do in

Mother's old country.—No, I think he wants me to visit his home."

"You think so, Lizzie? Better watch your step." She put a heavy emphasis on those words; but when I searched her face, I found it unperturable.

We knitted in silence for a while, until she heard the crying of the baby.

She stood up grumbling that it was time to feed the old nuisance. I asked if I might come and help to give him his bottle.

"No, no," Lily answered. "You couldn't help. Just watch the store a minute."

I watched the store for twenty minutes. When Lily returned I started to say, "Well, you certainly took your time about it. What were . . ." But I never finished my question, for just then something else struck my mind—Lily's blouse. It was open, and she was fumbling with some buttons on it. She left off fumbling when she sensed my eyes upon her, and her hands dropped to her sides. God, I thought, can it be . . . But she stood there and looked at me without moving. And in those long moments that she held my eyes, there grew in hers a defiance so bold and so bitter, it was I who had to avert my glance.

I tried to think it out on the way home, but I couldn't. My thoughts were foul and disjointed like the brew in a witch's cauldron. There were those rhymes the boys had sung about her . . . 'Lily, snowy-white and pure as lard' . . . Lily giggling with sailors . . . Lily drinking at a bar, pulling her skirt above her knees . . . Lily's sister who did a hula-hula in a side-show . . . But of course, Lily said she had no sister.

I tried to swerve my mind away from that cauldron. How different it is with him, I thought, how wonderfully different. And I steered my mind to a concert we had heard together. In his presence the music had been pure beauty, beauty rendered articulate. The strains had penetrated deep to the very core; and when I had closed my eyes a peace and sweetness had come over me such as I had never felt before.

But Lily! my mind snapped back to me. Lily. Oh, forget about her, that streetwalker.

It was odd, though, how I remembered Lily when the letter came. It was a pink note written on stiff, expensive stationery. I received it one morning when the sun was shining in our window. It shone right on the letter, and it made me think of a poem about a lady whose lover had been reported dead. She had read about it in a letter, too. The sun had been shining on her letter and it had turned into a yellow snake.

It said:

"My dear, guess who was here in town last week, enjoying a leave? — Laurie Warrington. I'm sure you remember him. We bumped into Laurie at the Club several times; he's looking fine."

"I'm having a few people over the week-end of July 4th, and I do hope you will join us. We love to hear you sing and play . . ."

Well then, Bess, come on! Sing and play! Play and sing. Come on, Bess.

God, I thought, my God, if I could take this note and burn it in a fireplace; and watching it crumble into ashes, if I could only say, "Ah well, that's that. It's been nice. Goodbye." But I couldn't. Somewhere from the recesses of my mind there came to me a picture of a girl, a poor tattered girl running in the snow beside a train and crying. There was a man inside the train, and she was crying out to him. He was a well-dressed jolly man, carousing with his comrades. He didn't hear the girl; he didn't even know she was outside in the snow . . .

I sat down and tried to push the picture back. How disgusting I am, I thought, how low. I, who have always scorned self-pity.

And then I remembered Lily.

Sunday morning when my mother had left for church, I went to see Lily. She was standing behind the soda counter, and when she saw me she asked, "Well, what'll it be?"

"Nothing . . . I've just come for a visit."

"Get stuck on those gloves?"

"No, I'm not knitting any more."

"No, huh . . . Give up?"

"Yes, I give up."

She didn't say anything for a minute. Then she came out from behind the counter and put her arm around me. "Oh kid," she said, "kid, what's the matter? You look like the fleas got into you last night."

I braced myself. "It's nothing, Lily, really. I just wanted to tell you I'm sorry. I was just so surprised the other day . . ."

"Oh, that's okay," she said, and there was a trace of shyness in her voice. "It don't matter now anymore, when the whole damn neighborhood's been yelpin' about it for months . . ."

We sat down in the dim corner booth and smoked cigarettes. Queer, I thought, but it is better and easier to be with her than with anyone. She did not wail or gloat; she merely asked what had happened to the silver band.

"I sent it back."

"He let you down, huh?"

"Yes."

"That's tough. You sure was nuts about that guy."

"Was I?"

"Yeh. You was gonna marry him and ride around in a swanky coupe."

"Only that wasn't it, Lily. It wasn't the coupe. It was Laurie, and it was being Mrs. Warrington. It was living some place away from here. Some place where things are different—where the Irish don't look down on the Italians, and the Italians don't look down on the Jews, and the Jews don't look down on the Polacks. — You know, I must have been crazy, though. In the little town he's from, they don't even let Polacks in, Polacks or the rest of us. See, we're classed as the immigrants just come over with dirty hands—the undesirable element. We're the Untouchables of America."

Lily kept looking at me, but she didn't see. "Oh, Lizzie," she said, "don't get so hepped up. There'll be plenty others. And you oughta be glad. At least he didn't leave you with a—a kid-brother!" She laughed, and I could not help admiring the nonchalance with which she referred to her child.

"No, he didn't leave me with a 'kid-brother,'" I had to admit, "still—you know, there is something he took from me. I don't know just what it is, but I feel so drained, so tired—as if I could never try again."

Lily smiled. "Kid, that's where you're wrong," she said. "That's the damn thing about it. You're licked for a while, but not for good, because you can't give up. You don't know how. Take me, they beat me once, so it's a strike against me. But am I gonna try again?"

"Are you?"

"I'll say. One o'these days I'm gonna get me a new girdle and a henna rinse, and you just watch me—I'll get the captain himself!"

"Will you get me one too?"

"Sure. I'll get you one with a silver band. I'll get you one with ten silver bands; only, kid . . ."

"Yes?"

"Don't be a dope and think he'll propose to you."

"Oh . . . I don't think I'm quite . . . I mean, no, I . . . But Lily, will you do something for me?"

"What?"

"You see Blondie occasionally . . ."

"Sure. The street cleaner."

"Yes. The street cleaner. But you know, he's been to college . . . and the way he plays tennis . . . He—he's sort of a sensitive chap."

"Well?"

"Next time you see him, will you say hello for me? And say I send my regards . . ."

"Yeh . . ."

"And then, tell him—tell him I'm back home."

TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM

(Continued from page 14)

The door rattled, as if someone were trying to come in. "Open the door," the landlady shouted. She saw that he was almost asleep and she hastened to open it in order not to awaken suspicion.

"I was afraid," she explained to the doctor. They rushed to the bed.

He heard quite clearly now with an increasing roar filling him. Not his, never his, immortal flesh, perishable soul, beautiful, not absolute. The volume of the noise grew great; the spinning of the record became unbearable.

At the edge of the record he dropped off into great and vacant silence, silence of beyond the stars, and found himself thinking, thinking quite apart from his body. I was wrong accepting all her values, believing her right in her eternal flesh, he thought. I was wrong about immortality, he exulted.

PAPA'S PUPIL

(Continued from page 11)

wouldn't have to walk past him. I thought so hard about Pearl's papa that I puckered one of the socks and I had to do it over.

After a while, Papa drove down the road with Pearl sitting up on the buggy seat beside him. She sat up stiff and straight with a brown, string-tied box in her lap, and, on top of the box she had some August nasturtiums. That was the last time she brought us flowers.

"Doesn't Pearl look different?" Sissy whispered this without moving her lips.

"She does look sorta perky," I agreed.

Pearl had a swing to her gait and her shoes raised little trails of dust. She walked straight to the back door and called, "Miz Hudson!"

It was the first time Sissy and I had ever heard Pearl raise her voice. We tiptoed around the corner of the house and stood under the biggest elm tree, digging trenches in the sand with our toes and whispering together.

"I bet Pearl's glad to get out of that house of the devil."

"Sissy Hudson! You'd better not let Papa catch you using that word."

"Well, Miss Smarty, I just guess Papa is the one I heard say it and you know Papa wouldn't ever say anything bad. So there!"

I was still. Papa was always right and we knew it.

CROSS-SECTION

(Continued from page 15)

"Now, where were we," began Sue. "Oh, you were telling me about your sister."

"Say, Sue," interrupted Tom, "so you come here often? That guy seems to know you pretty well."

"Oh, I drop in here for lunch occasionally. It's close to the office."

Tom looked dubiously around and opened his mouth as if to protest further when a juke box blared forth with "Serenade in Blue." Sue asked Tom if he'd like to dance. When they were on the tiny floor, Tom held Sue close and sighed, "Gosh, this is nice. I sure never expected to meet a girl like you."

"Tom," questioned Sue, pausing, "you don't think it was wrong of me to come in here, do you?"

"Certainly not," frowned Tom. "I asked to see you home and we just stopped in for something to drink. That's all. Gee, you're sweet."

They danced on in silence until the music stopped. Returning to their table, they drank and talked. Tony was always nearby to refill their glasses; and each time the nickelodeon began to play, they wordlessly rose to dance. Suddenly, Tom started.

"Jeepers," he yelled. "I've only ten minutes to see you home and make my train. Hey, Tony, how 'bout a check?"

"Oh, that's all right." Tony called. "It's on the house. Any friend of Miss Sue's deserves a drink on the house. Come in any time."

"Thanks, that's swell of you, Tony; and I haven't time to argue. Be seeing you and thanks again."

Once outside Tom demanded, "Which way do we go? Gotta run, you know."

"I'm going to the station to see you off, Tom," Sue replied.

"No, you're not. Look how late it is and you'd have to go home alone. Nope. Which way do we go?"

"Please, Tom. We could have more time together. Or do you want to get rid of me?"

"Don't make foolish remarks, woman, and let's go. It's two blocks to the station."

With Tom half carrying Sue, they made the track as the train thundered in. Standing by the steps, they looked at each other. Tom spoke. "I'll be back in about a week. Where do I call you? I'll arrange to spend some time here before I have to report. Quick, woman, the number. I'll be back Wednesday night. The train usually pulls in about 8:30, and I'll call you immediately from the station."

"No, Tom, I have a better idea," Sue said. "I'll meet the train so you won't have to . . ."

"Bo-a-r-d, Bo-a-r-d," yelled the conductor.

"O. K., honey. Be sure and be here, will you? About 8:30. I'll be watching for you."

"I'll be here."

Tom kissed her and caught the rail as the train began to chug from the station. "Bye, darling," he called. "See you Wednesday."

"Bye, Tom," called Sue, waving. She watched until the train was out of sight. Slowly she walked down the stairs straightening her hat, smoothing her dress. From her coat pocket she pulled a wallet and began counting the money. 20, 50, 100, 185 dollars and some change. Shoving the wallet into her purse she walked through the station and up to a soldier standing alone near the door. Hesitatingly she queried, "I beg your pardon, but does that train that just came in have another section?"

Sages and professors for centuries have preached the worth of a sense of humor. Now, in our enlightened times, everyone has the comic spirit except the editor who has pulled an awful boner.

The editor, therefore, extends humblest apologies to Grace Estep, and to an anonymous author, and to the reading public for having thrown the poem on Bradley and Shakespeare's Ghost over Grace's name in the last CORADDI.

REVERIE

(Continued from page 16)

they're not dancing." He led me back to the sofa and kissed me again. I don't like to remember it all. I'd rather forget how I pushed him away with all that was in me and said, "Anything but that, Roy."

And he said, "You're so sweet. Why not?"

Something clicked in my mind at these words. I mumbled, "That's for the man I marry."

"Who do you think you're going to marry, goon-child?" he said.

And I said, "I don't know. If it's you it's all the same. Now I must go home."

He muttered, "Damn. Will you never grow up? All right, I'll take you home. Here, comb your hair." And he fumbled for a cigarette. His hand shook when he lighted it.

When we went out into the hall, we met Jim and his date. He was calling a taxi for her. Strange, I thought. Isn't he going to see her home himself? Roy took me home and said good night abruptly. I slept not at all that night and all week waited for a letter from his home. None came.

Then the next week he called, said he was back,

and asked if I would go to a movie with him. I dated him several times after that. Nothing was ever said of that night. At the end of the summer, he went to the army and I went to college. His letters at first told of the fun and the liquor and the parties in Florida where he was an air cadet. I answered them because I couldn't help it. Then during this summer a year later a letter came—very different from the others. He wrote that his twin sister's husband of three months, a paratrooper, had been killed in France. He told me that he had changed and that he wished he had a lot of things to do over again. He said he hoped I had forgiven him for being such a heel and that he wanted terribly to see me when he came home.

And now he is waiting downstairs with his new silver wings and gold bars. I wonder if he realizes that I have changed, too. That now I know how to toss off a drink straight and talk about the Thetas and the roaring time we have at the University. That I now know why Jim was ordering a taxi instead of taking his date home that night. That his new silver wings are no novelty to me for I have a collection of them. He was the one who used to say, "Sometimes you act like you're eleven years old, goon-child." Will he like the way I've grown up? Well, I might as well light a fag and go down and see.

POEM

By MILDRED RODGERS

Night and night and far into the night
Pass clearly
Years and days and dreams,
Sings the song of thousand thoughts,
And washed emotion
Clear and bright and lonely
Bends and sings and moves again.

POEM

By MILDRED RODGERS

We dip the sea in clear glass jars to keep,
In futile effort to preserve, enhance
Its might, our private glory to advance.
We carry earth that we may die and sleep
Beneath our native soil. We make a heap
Of souvenirs without significance
Alone, which carry aura of romance
Or hint of lost necessity to weep.
And so with time. We hold it close and fear
To grant it union with forevermore,
And by some number designate a year—
How foolish to recall from life before
A moment, make forgotten joy appear,
Yet transitory present time abhor.

NIRVANA

By NANCY PEERY

I have wandered in the mists of countless countries,
Alone, unmindful, and afraid,
Perceiving not the Truth I sought
In vain,
Nor yet the Oneness of the All.

But as I wandered there,
Truth came and spoke
Without words,
And listening, I knew.
Those things I took for chains
Are, in reality, the keys
To all awareness.
All limitless space is in my prison wall.
All evil in good, and good in evil;
For no man, though he be wise beyond the years,
May judge.

All understanding is in me
And I in all understanding;
For in that union is Truth,
And nowhere else can She be found.
Her hand,
Though it restrain,
May also hold the lute;
But only the boundless wind-spirit
That is Myself
May sound the strings.

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